Mall Shenanigans

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Mall Shenanigans

by Tigrrre

Summary

While Hasegawa and Kamimura are out shopping for a new game show formal suit, they just so happen to run into Hiroaki and Ojima just outside a clothing store. Hasegawa and Ojima make small talk that quickly bored out Hiroaki. So he takes it into his own hands and makes a fun dress up game out of it.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

" So why the shit are we here again? " "isnt this like the most fucking expensive mall there is out here? " Kamimura cringes at the sight of the posh and prissy shoppers carrying their freshly groomed pooches in their cartier purses.
" I need a new suit for my next show.. its really fancy usually and i dont want to look under dressed.." he whispers " Still, this is like some hiroaki level shit, everything here looks like it was sewn by a fucking baby angel"

The two walk around for a bit, stopping at a few stores and trying on clothes along with gossiping about the people they saw amongst them.

" hey isnt that the bitch who used child labor to make her shitty lingerie." Kamimura whispers to Hasegawa between isles
" h-huh? why do you know about a lingerie company, i tought you said that kind of stuff was tacky..." " Dude eugh fuck no i just like their bath robes and slippers " he hisses

The two start to exit what feels like their 50th store that they have entered with no purchases made, when all of the sudden they hear a familiar agitating and grading voice come from around the corner.

" Dude. no fucking way i literally told you this was some Hiroaki level bougie mall, I can hear his flamboyant ass " he snickers at Hasegawa as they turn the corner and to their not so supprise, Hiroaki and Ojima are standing right there bickering on what color jacket Ojima should buy.
" DUDE I literally said like 50 times just get BLUE! It makes you look sexy and enticing!!!" he shouts " Yeah but EVERYTHING i own is BLUE?! Id expect more from the fashion god himself to oh i dont know?? tell me to branch out? "

Hiroaki looks behind Ojima to see the two very sore thumbs sticking out against the fancy white granite interior of the mall looking directly at them.
" What are you even- " Ojima turns around to face Hasegawa and his face lights up with a exited smile. " Oh hey Hasegawa! Its been so long since ive seen you besides on TV! "
He goes to give him a very dad-esque hug. " o-oh yeah! it really has been awhile hasnt it.. "
he looks down at Kamimura and hes giving him the same " i told you so" smirk that he always flashes at him. Ojima lets go of Hasegawa and looks down at Kamimura, trying to fight the urge to crouch down when saying hello " So how have you two been doing? Anything special coming up? " he speaks with a happy tone.
" Me and Nakamigawa actually have our 3rd annaversary coming up, were looking for vacation clothes and good photoshoot ready outfits! "
Hasegawa looks at Kamimura looking for an answer, hes really not good with small talk like this especially in public at such short notice.
" Were doing fine. Were looking for a suit that he can wear to his next live job. "
He sighs breifly before returning a soft glance back up at Hasegawa.
" Hey! Takeshi is really good at finding suits, thats like the ONLY fashionable thing hes good at! " Hiroaki shouts from behind Ojimas tall stance.
" O-oh really? " Hasegawa says shyly.
He looks for approval from Kamimura before looking back up at Ojima

" Would you mind.. helping me? I-i havent seem to have the best luck finding anything... " he says with a lack of confidence.

Hiroaki swiftly raises his pointer finger in the air and starts to jump exitedly at whatever idea that has just conjured in his head.

" OU! OU! OU! WHAT IF WE SWAP! " " Ill take Kamiyama and you get Ojima!! "

Kamimura cringes at the tought of letting Hiroaki anywhere near his wardrobe.. but it doesnt seem too bad I guess?
" Kazutoshi? Are you okay with that? " Hasegawa softly speaks to Kamimura
" I mean whatever fuck sure, just dont let him choose anything overly fucking expensive. " " I-i wont! I promise! "

" So! A deals a deal! " Hiroaki exitingly exclaims as he walks over beside Ojima standing directly infront of Kamimura.

" Lets meet up back here in what? 30 minutes? "
" Sounds fine with me" Ojima nods
" S-sure! thats fine "
" Whatever. Just dont make me look stupid or something. "
" Oh i promisee i wont " He winks at Hasegawa before he grabs Kamimuras wrist and jolts away
" DUDE WHAT THE FUCK??"

The two stumble away down the hall as Ojima and Hasegawa are left alone .

" Dont worry Hasegawa i know a good store thatll have something you like. " The two calmly trail off to the elevator exchanging some small talk along the way.

" CAN YOU SLOW THE FUCK DOWN?? UR BASICALLY DRAGGING ME! " Kamimura shouts as Hiroaki shuffles down the hallway . " Were almost there dont worry! " His pace starts to slow down as they come up on a gothic vkei store named A AM STUDIO, suddenly Kamimuras anxiety starts to drop as now he knows that Hiroaki wont be dressing him like a rich boy in the district and instead something more suitable to his liking.

heavy panting
" Ok.. Shit why did i run.. were here. "

Kamimura looks up from where Hiroaki is bent over dry heaving and peers into the vkei store, his eyes light up at the sight of comfy looking gothic clothes and the sound of bad rock music thats playing troughout the store.
" You know i cant afford half of this shit right. " " im a fucking cleaner. "

Hiroaki finally stands up from his agonising wheezing and coughing fit and turns to look at Kamimura
" Who said you were buying anything? Im not gonna dress you up then NOT let you keep it?

"
Kamimuras face shift slightly in exitement at the tought of getting something for free, especially at this desgree of bouginess.
" What are you waiting for dude? Dont just stand there?? "
Kamimura begins to meander into the store, stopping and looking at a few items and acessories that he likes. He finds a cute dog collar chocker that has razor blades and long spikes along it with a skull charm on the front with a K initial on it. He looks around for a minute, scanning the walls and ceilings for cameras before he pockets the collar in his hoodie.

" HEY BANGS! COME HERE! " Kamimura gets startled a little, then sighs deeply as he slowly walks over to where Hiroaki is standing. Hes holding an assortment of sweaters, pants and coats in his arms infront of a dressing room.

" I found some kick ass clothes for you! Maybe you can stop wearing that disgusting hoodie all the time if you like any of this! "

Kamimura rolls his eyes as he picks out a few of the clothes that caught his eye from the pile.
" Thanks. or whatever. "
He stumbles into one of the dressing rooms, closing the door behind him as he starts to undress.

Hiroaki is waiting outside the dressing room making small talk with one of the employees whos a really big fan of his design work.

" Do I come out now. Im dressed. " His voice peeps from under the door.
" Yeah! come on out Kamiyama "
" Dont fucking call me that. "

The door swings open to reveal a very cute sight, Kamimura is wearing a black hoodie thats adorned with straps and buckles along the sleeves with safety pins and spikes littering the hoodies pocket and cuffs. The hoodie has two large bunny ears on the back aswell that have a ghost pattern on the inside, it has two small silver peircings on either side. As for his pants hes wearing a pair of dark blue plaid ripped skinny jeans with a black ripped fishnet underneath. The pants have two studded straps on either side that hang low to his knees and a ripped finish at the bottom.
In addition he put on the previously pocketed dog collar on gently layered with a spiked necklace underneath

" Dude. You look so fetch. " Hiroaki is trying to hide the obvious stimming and stupid grin he has on his face.
" I like it. " Kamimura says blatantly

Those words were enough for Hiroaki to completely loose it, he jolts forwards at Kamimura and picks him up in a swift motion, spinning him around a few times in exitement.

" PUT ME DOWN ASSHOLE " Kamimura shouts as his feet dangle in the air.

He sets Kamimura down and turns to face the casheir that he was chatting with beforehand.
" So how much do i owe you? " he says slyly in a foxy tone.

" Free! Just for you Hiroakisama "

He digs around in his jackets pocket and pulls out a rolled band of a few 88 thousand yen and hands it to her.

" Keep the change " he winks at the cashier.

Kamimura turns around to face the dressing room mirror once more as he collects his clothes from the bench, he admires the soft but edgy sillouwhette the clothes give him and how the silver spiked collar gently hugs his neck. He twirls his side locks and shimies in happyness before Hiroakis peircing voice calls him back to reality.

" Cmon dude you look fine lets goooo " he groans annoyingly at the exit.

As the two are walking back to their original meeting spot they see Ojima and Hasegawa walking back aswell.

Hasegawa is wearing a glimmery beige suit with a teddy bear charm on the front next to the pocket and a pair of matching dark brown caramel colored slacks acompanied by a pair of black dress shoes.

Hiroaki and Ojima are both stupidly grinning at eachother while they hold the twos belongings in their shopping bags, they glance over at their own works of fashion and art then back at eachother in a proud and satisfied mannor.

Kamimura and Hasegawa lock eyes while walking twoards eachother and exchange stupidly cute grins at eachother as they examine their respective outfits. The two start to walk faster twoards eachother untill it devolves into a slow sprint, Kamimura takes a short step into Hasegawas arms as he snickers and giggles at the sight of his new beige suit.

" Y-You look really cool Kazutoshi.. " He says shyly, his face starts to flush with a dusty pink color as he holds Kamimura closer in a hug.

" EUGHHH GET A ROOMM " Hiroaki loudly groans once he catches up to the two love birds.

" Shut the fuck up green eyes " Kamimura spits back.

Hiroaki grips his chest and gasps like hes never been insulted before

" YOU SHOULD THANK ME ATLEAST??! " he cries out .
" Ur not my sugar daddy the lady said it was free anyways. " He sticks his tounge out playingly at Hiroaki as he removed himself from Hasegawas embrace.

" Pft- Well we know who IS ur sugar daddy. " he says toyingly
Ojima elbows Hiroaki roughly
" Takeshi stop, I think they look cute together. "

The two newly dressed lovers take a minute to admire their new outfits. Ojima and Hiroaki stand in the background smiling and blushing like proud parents of two very strange kids. Hasegawas eyes run over Kamimuras outfit, admiring all the small details of the spikes and studs along with the fishnet pattern underneath his jeans. His eyes make their way up to his neck where he notices the spiked razor blade chocker hes wearing and the charm thats attached.

" I-is that my initial on ur chocker? "
" I tought you said that kind of stuff was.. cringy" he says with a mousy tone
" Meh, im already wearing fishnets and skinny jeans I cant look any more fucking gay "

The two bask in this moment of admiration before Hiroaki interrupts the twos loving moment,
" Hey uhh, not to bother whatever kind of sexual energy you got going on here but I kinda gotta go. "

Ojima turns to give Hiroaki a shocked ugly glance before he begins to make his way to the exit embarassed at his boyfriend, waving Hiroaki to do the same.

" O-oh right. its okay, thanks hiroaki.. " He mutters swiftly before returning his gaze onto Kamimura. Hiroaki waves goodbye before he suffles away back to Ojimas side.

" You look really fucking hansome right now." " R-really? You think so? " Kamimura taps Hasegawa on the elbow to hint at him that he wants him to crouch down a tad, Hasegawa takes the hint and bends his knees a little so they are eye level with one another. Kamimura takes a glance around them before he flips his hoodie up and plants a sudden kiss on Hasegawas lips swiftly.

" Lets go home you fucking dork " he jokes as Hasegawa stutters to find his next words.

End Notes

I never really know how to end these sort of fics.. just imagine these two dorks called a cab and gawked over eachother the whole ride home

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